

1841

Dismissed

Henry Russell

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181.

THE DISMISSED.



A Comic Song.

words by

GEO. P. MORRIS.

Music by

HENRY RUSSELL.

Pluckwood Lute.

NEW YORK,

PUBLISHED BY FIRTH & HALL, NO^o1, FRANKLIN SQUARE.

The dismissed
a
COMIC SONG

Words by Geo. P. Morris.—Music by Henry Russell.

ALLEGRO

MODERATO

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1841 by Firth & Hall, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of N.Y.

The wing of my spirit is broken The day-star of hope has declined; For a month not a word have
spoken, That's either polite or refin'd. My mind's like the sky in bad weather, When
mist clouds around us are curled; And viewing myself altogether, I'm the veriest wretch in the
world! I suppose she was right in rejecting my prayers, But why tell me why did she kick me down stairs

The dismissed. 4.

5

I - wander about like a vagrant : I spend half my time ⁱⁿ the street My conducts improper and

flagrant For I quarrel with all that I meet My dress too is wholly neglected My

hat I pull o - ver my brow, And I look like a fellow suspected Of wishing to kick up a

row. I suppose she was right ⁱⁿ re - ject - ing my prayers But why, tell me why did she kick me down stairs

The dismissed . 4.

3

At home I'm an object of horror.
 To boarder and waiter, and maid;
 But my landlady views me with sorrow,
 When she thinks of the bill that's unpaid.
 Abroad my acquaintance flout me,
 The ladies cry, "Bless us look there."
 And the little boys cluster around me,
 And sensible citizens stare.
 I suppose she was right in rejecting my prayers,
 But why, tell me why, did she kick me down stairs.

4

One says "He's a victim to cupid."
 Another "His conducts too bad,"
 A third, "He is awfully stupid,"
 A fourth, "He is perfectly mad."
 And then I am watched like a bandit,
 My friends with me all are at strife—
 By heaven, no longer I'll stand it.
 But quick put an end to my life!
 I suppose she was right in rejecting my prayers,
 But why, tell me why did she kick me down stairs.

5

I've thought of the means— yet I shudder
 At dagger, or ratsbane, or rope;
 At drawing with lancet my blood, or
 A razor without any soap.
 Suppose I should fall in a duel
 And thus leave the stage with e'clat;
 But to die with a bullet is cruel,
 Besides 'twould be breaking the law.
 I suppose she was right in rejecting my prayers,
 But why, tell me why did she kick me down stairs.

6

Yet one way remains— to the river
 I'll fly from the goadings of care—
 But drown oh the thought makes me shiver
 A terrible death, I declare.
 Ah no! I'll once more see my Kitty,
 And parry her cruel disdain,
 Beseech her to take me in pity,
 And never dismiss me again—
 I suppose she was right in rejecting my prayers,
 But why tell me why did she kick me down stairs.